

Magazine Feature Section

LOVE and RAW POTATOES

Bride Who Objected to Being a Perpetual Laboratory Returns to Mother's Wing---Her First Meal. Under Hubby's Care, Consisted of Grape Fruit, Raw Tomatoes, Lettuce, Bananas, Orange Juice, Honey and Peanuts---"Never Again, For Me," Says Mrs. Drews

Mrs. Elizabeth Drews was willing at times to assist her scientific husband in his dietetic laboratory experiments. But she was not willing to be the laboratory indefinitely. She doesn't like raw potatoes or uncooked turnips, and once in a while relishes a bowl of soup and a piece of meat.

Further—

She quite agrees that there is merit in the "back to nature" propaganda of Professor Drews. But to agree that Mother Eve wore proper attire for purposes of health and to wear such attire herself, substituting a fur robe for a fig leaf, are two different things. Mrs. Drews much prefers pretty lingerie and dresses.

Still further—

She believes in the principles of pre-natal influence. But for an expectant mother to attend a university that her child may be a prodigy—and all as an experiment for her husband—is carrying things too far, says Mrs. Drews.

She left the professor two years

fight against disease—among them that of proper food and diet. None encouraged him more than the dark-eyed one as a friend.

A few years later, arming himself with a battery of titles, the professor began a campaign to capture the heart and hand of Miss Bristle. He won easily, the girl waving the white flag of surrender at his approach. And so they were married and went to live in a cozy little apartment in Chicago.

Mrs. Drew remembers that on her wedding day she weighed 119 pounds. It was fair weight for a young woman of her stature. She had been accustomed to eating cooked food, unlike her husband, and naturally supposed she would continue doing so.

HER WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Imagine her surprise on sitting down to the wedding breakfast to find that the professor had ordered the following for both of them:

Grape Fruit.	Lettuce.
Raw Tomatoes.	
Bananas.	
Orange Juice.	Honey.
Peanuts.	

No word of complaint came from the lips of Mrs. Drews. In due time she would remind her husband that she much preferred cooked food to raw food. But when the meal was over he himself brought up the subject.

"Did you enjoy the breakfast, darling?" he asked.

"As a change, yes," diplomatically replied Mrs. Drews. "But I would not like such food as a regular thing."

Professor Drews smiled.

"You will when you get used to it," he said.

Mrs. Drews declares that had she known the professor as well then as she learned to know him later in their married life she would have realized this was his polite way of saying: "You must learn to like it."

For several months the young wife bravely partook of the raw food menu, hoping against hope that

her husband would some day send a cook stove to the home. Following is an example of her daily bill of fare:

Breakfast—Drink of water or juice of sweet herb, fruit (plain or salad), nuts (almonds, walnuts or peanuts).

Luncheon—Same as breakfast.

Dinner—Drink of water or juice of sweet herb, vegetable salad (dock, dandelions, sour spinach, asparagus, etc.), relish (fruit and honey).

"One evening when we were eating dinner," said Mrs. Drews, "my husband asked me to pass him the potatoes. Wearily I sprayed honey on the thin, glistening slices of raw potato and handed the plate across the table. I did not take any myself."

"Professor Drews asked me why. 'Because I don't like it,' I said, losing my temper. 'I am not feeling well and have lost in weight.' 'My husband smiled coldly and said: 'Darling, did I ever inform you it is my wish that you serve to test my theories?'"

"I was so humiliated I could have cried. I went to mother and told her all. She took me into the kitchen and opened the baking oven.

The smell of biscuits filled the room. 'Eat some of these, my child,' she said. 'And now I'm going to make you a nice bowl of soup and cook you a tasty meal.'

"After that I went home to mother every few days and ate some real food. But I had to do it on the sly. I knew my husband would be furiously angry should he learn about it. When reverses came and we were forced to go and live with my parents for a time I was in clover as to speak. You see, he and I ate at a separate table, because the smell of cooked food made him irritable. But I would only pick at the raw food he set before me. When he left the house I would sit down to the kind of meal my folks like."

"One day he caught me eating a piece of meat and some cooked potatoes. He stalked the room like an enraged lion, saying that I was going to blazes after all his efforts to conserve my health."

SCORNS ROLE OF EVE.

"Later we again rented apartments. It was the same old story for me. Raw food morning, noon and night. Did I ever long for a sir-

loin steak? Did I? I appealed to the professor—but in vain. My weight had gone down from 119 pounds to 105 pounds. But that wouldn't have been so bad had I felt well and strong. I was losing vitality, as well as weight."

"Professor Drews was not only a crank on the matter of food, but he tried to make me a subject for his 'back to nature' ideas." Mrs. Drews blushed and hesitated. But only for a moment. "He said that people would be much healthier if they went without clothes. Of course, he knew it was impossible to defy convention by appearing in the street without any attire—at least until there should be an evolution of sentiment in this regard—but he insisted that as a starter people should go around this way in their own home."

"I quite agreed that the no-clothes idea might be beneficial to a person's health and all that—but I was a bit too prudish to adopt the idea myself. The professor suggested that I would not have to go entirely without attire—I might use a fur robe. I would not consent even to this 'substitute for the fig leaf' that cartoonists drape about the figure of Mother Eve."

Mrs. George Drews After a Return to Mother's Cooking.

"Of course this made the professor angry."

"Did he practice what he preached?" was asked of Mrs. Drews.

"He did—the last two weeks I remained under his roof," she replied.

Right here Mrs. Katharina Bristle, mother of the runaway bride entered the conversation with a verbal thrust at the advanced ideas of the scientific son-in-law.

MOTHER TAKES A HAND.

"He came to me some time ago with an extraordinary proposition," said this conservative and practical woman. "He said he had asked my daughter to become a mother under these circumstances: She was to go to Valparaiso, a city in Indiana, and there attend a university. She was to study nothing but the fine arts and matters scientific, exerting what he claimed would be ennobling pre-natal influence on the child. My daughter had refused his suggestion, and he wanted me to aid him in changing her mind."

"Did I? I did not. I told him that Elizabeth was the daughter of parents who had, and still have good common sense—that she was perfectly capable of bringing into the world a child mentally and physically strong without a lot of faddism and nonsense. I believe that I am as intellectual as the professor, and my mother never attended a university, either."

"My daughter is all through with the advanced ideas of the professor. She weighs 135 pounds now—thanks to good soup, an occasional piece of steak, and wholesome cooked vegetables. No more raw potatoes for Elizabeth."

Professor Drews says his daily menu did not make Mrs. Drews ill.

An Unhappy Joke.

"Saw a strange sight on the avenue yesterday," said the passer with the storm coat, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "A man past middle age, a very respectable looking man with gray hair, walked down the north side of the street wearing one of the shabbiest looking overcoats I ever saw. The velvet collar was napless and frayed, the torn lining hung below the skirt, the pockets sagged down, and the garment was faded from its original black to a dingy green. Everybody turned and looked after the man."

"Of course, he was wearing it because of some freak election bet," said the little man in the corner.

"That's what I thought," said the other man. "No doubt that's what everybody thought. But everybody was wrong."

"Why so?"

"The poor old chap said it was the only coat he had."



Mrs. Drews Only Weighed 105 Pounds When Living on Raw Food Diet. Her Mother is Shown on the Left.

ago, adopting the American wife's prerogative of "going home to mother." Recently Professor Drews refused to wait for her return longer, so filed suit for divorce. He charged desertion. Mrs. Drews refused to contest the case.

A CHILDHOOD ROMANCE.

It was in September, 1911, that Elizabeth Bristle became the wife of Prof. George J. Drews, doctor of alimentation (the art, process or method of supplying nutrition), doctor of chiropractic (the drugless method of treating diseases chiefly by manipulation of the spinal column), doctor of dietetics (the branch of hygiene or medicine that treats of diet and dieting) and president of The Apyrtrophers' (unfried fooders) Society.

They had known each other since they were children. When Drews was going to college in Chicago he often told the pretty Bristle girl of his hopes, his ambitions, and his aspirations. And he always found her a sympathetic confidant. He had great ideas to aid mankind in its

